

The Academy and Literature.

No. 1603. Established 1869.

London: 24 January 1903.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE new books published during the past week do not make a very imposing show. Mr. Dooley has again spoken, and among the novels we note "The Circle" by a new writer. For the first time in its history "The North American Review" has admitted fiction to its pages. Mr. Henry James is the chosen novelist, and the title of the story, of which the first three chapters are printed, is "The Ambassadors." Among the books of the week we note the following:—

OBSERVATIONS. By Mr. Dooley.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley, is the most popular humourist of the day. Those who read him must read him carefully: his spelling compels the roving eye to concentration. The present volume contains thirty-odd papers, treating such subjects as "White House Discipline," "King Edward's Coronation," "Rights and Privileges of Women." "An' do I object to th' pursuit iv lithrachoor?" asks Mr. Dooley. "Oh, faith, no. As a pursuit 't is fine, but it may be bad f'ranny wan that catches it."

AGNOSTICISM. By Robert Flint.

Being the Croall Lectures for 1887-88. The author excuses himself for the late appearance of the book on the ground that he had other work in hand which had prior claims. Of the matter contained in the volume he says: "The lectures delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, cannot now be regarded as more than the nucleus of the present volume; but there is certainly nothing now published in that volume except what is not only consistent with, but supplementary to, what was said in the lectures."

CHINESE PORCELAIN. By W. G. Gulland.

The second volume of Mr. Gulland's interesting work. The illustrations are numerous, and in the present volume are arranged in chronological order; in the earlier volume they were grouped into classes. The author says: "Although photography best preserves the touch of the Chinese artist, which is apt to be lost or distorted in hand-made copies, still it is not always as successful as can be

desired." The difficulty in most cases arises from the high vitrescence of surface. The dates of the examples given range between 1506 and 1875.

M. MAETERLINCK contributes to the January "Pall Mall Magazine" an article on the Battle of the Spurs, that great struggle on the plain of Groeninghebeek, which saw "the whole of the chivalry of Philip the Fair, fighting under the orders of Robert of Artois . . . annihilated." M. Maeterlinck describes the battle with vigour and picturesqueness; the scene moves and glitters; but M. Maeterlinck can never be wholly detached, and in the concluding words we get back to his old note: "It was the first great defeat of mediæval chivalry, and one of the first victories of the mysterious justice which quickens that strange harmony of spiritual and moral forces which is called Mankind."

The Royal Academy elections on Wednesday night aroused more than usual interest. There were three vacancies among Associates, and one among Academicians. The R.A. chair was filled by the election of Sir E. A. Waterlow, who was run close by Mr. Macbeth. The main interest, however, lay in the voting for the Associateships. The leading candidates were Messrs. J. H. F. Bacon, Arnesby Brown, W. L. Colton, Edward Stott, and Frank Brangwyn. The first to be selected was Mr. Bacon, who defeated Mr. Stott in the final ballot by twenty-seven votes to twenty-four. Then came Mr. Colton, who beat Mr. Stott by thirty-two to nineteen. In the third case Mr. Stott again reached the final stage, but was again beaten, Mr. Arnesby Brown receiving twenty-eight votes to Mr. Stott's twenty-three. The election was therefore somewhat disappointing. We had hoped to see Mr. Stott elected.

The difficulty of a subject is often its main attraction, it would seem, to some people. To write a play on the subject of "Dante and Beatrice" would appear to be the most difficult of tasks, and no doubt it is, but Miss Emily Underdown has cheerfully attempted it. On a less exalted theme we can believe that she might have achieved some success, but here we see only unsuccessful effort. To introduce upon the stage an emblematic figure of Love when Dante and Beatrice are together is to outrage even the weakest imagination.

24 January, 1903.

THERE reaches us from New York a beautifully printed thin volume which bears upon its title page: "Some letters, by Robert Louis Stevenson, with an autroduction by Horace Townsend." Mr. Townsend tells us that these letters were addressed to Mr. Trevor Haddon, at that time (twenty-three years ago) an unknown but aspiring art student. Mr. Haddon wrote to Stevenson as an admirer, and from that introduction followed the letters here first printed. They are delightful and characteristic letters, hardly touching Stevenson's highest in the way of correspondence, perhaps, but full of wisdom, kindness, and good counsel. We extract the following from a letter dated from Hyères, where Stevenson, it will be remembered, was so happy and contented:—

In your own art, bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes, to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious.

And again:—

Cling to your youth. It is an artistic stock-in-trade. Don't give in that you are aging, and you won't age. I have exactly the same faults and qualities still; only a little duller, greedier, and better tempered; a little less tolerant of pain and more tolerant of tedium. The last is a great thing for life but—query?—a bad endowment for art?

The last letter was written in 1884. Stevenson had been seriously ill, and had "fallen into a kind of blindness." "This more inclines me," he says, "for something to do, to answer your letter before I have read it, a safe plan familiar to diplomats." Then he falls into his old habit of sermonising, but how excellent and strong it all is:—

You seem to me to be a pretty lucky young man; keep your eyes open to your mercies. That part of piety is eternal; and the man who forgets to be grateful has fallen asleep in life. Please to recognise that you are unworthy of all that befalls you; . . . but indeed we are not worthy of our futures; love takes us in a counterfeit, success comes to us at play, health stays with us while we abuse her; and even when we gird at our fellow man, we should remember that it is of their good will alone, that we still live and still have claims to honour . . . I have been getting some of the buffets of late; but I have amply earned them—you need not pity me. Pity sick children and the individual poor man; not the mass. Don't pity anybody else, and never pity fools. The optimistic Stevenson; but there is a sense in these wanderings.

All this is real Stevenson.

THE monument to R. L. S., which it was hoped would be ready by midsummer of last year, is not yet complete. M. Saint Gaudens, who was chosen to execute the work, has been suffering from ill-health; but he has now re-modelled the bas-relief which forms the body of the Memorial, and it is being cast in Paris. It is expected that the monument will be ready for erection in Saint Giles' High Kirk, Edinburgh, in five or six months.

AFTER six years of wandering and litigation the Académie Goncourt has become a legalized institution. The history of the affair is well known. The brothers Goncourt had the amiable idea of founding a literary society which should be a kind of rival of the Académie Française, but instead of forty immortals there were to be only ten. Eight of these were nominated by Edmond de Goncourt, amongst them being Alphonse Daudet, Octave Mirbeau and the brothers Rosny. When Edmond de Goncourt died in 1896, leaving money to his pet scheme, his

relatives challenged the ten immortals to prove their right to it. After six years the law has spoken in favour of the ten, and the other day the first meeting of the Académie Goncourt was held. There is to be a prize for a poor author of rich potentialities, and already, no doubt, many a struggling writer feels the money in his purse. It only remains for some ingenious person to form an Academy of one.

CONCERNING the Académie Goncourt, Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote the other day in the "Daily Chronicle." Of its members he said:—

With the exception of M. Léon Daudet, these gentlemen are not very young. Few of them, I think, will see fifty again, although none have yet seen sixty. Without resembling one another closely in detail, they have a certain likeness in their common leaning to the fantastic side of realism, in their enthusiastic study of the art of writing, in their comparative indifference to the public.

Mr. Gosse continued:—

The parallel between living English and French fiction is too uncertain to enable us to conceive an Académie Goncourt in this country. But one may entertain one's self by fancying what would have happened if it had been instituted and endowed amongst us. Imagine the seven original academicians convoked in 1900. I see them in my mind's eye: Mr. Conrad, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. George Moore, "Mark Rutherford," Mr. Wells, and Mr. Zangwill. Mr. Wells is chosen president, and then they proceed to elect three more members to make their number complete. After a really delightful conference, and the omission of some amazing paradoxes, the scrutiny would be made, with, shall we say, this result: Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Benjamin Swift? Would that not be a very amusing little "académie des talons-rouges Anglais"?

The members of the Académie Goncourt, however, have distinct material advantages: they dine together once a month and each receives an annual income of £250.

WITH the current issue of the "Review of Reviews," the "romance that is never to end" begins. In the introductory paragraphs we read:—

The principle upon which this story is constructed is very simple. We take the chief events of the month, and use them as the central incident of a series of short stories, each of which, while complete in itself, is linked on to all its predecessors and those which come after it by its bearing upon the fortunes of the Gordon family, whose widely scattered members are at the heart of most human affairs in all parts of the world.

And here is the first sentence of the story:—

It was New Year's Eve in Rockstone Hall, the seat of Lord Gordon, on the confines of Windsor Forest.

THE number of the weeklies is to be increased by the "Weekly Critical Review," the first number of which is due this week. So far as we can gather the journal is to be a kind of minor "Cosmopolis," since amongst the contributors we notice names French, English, and American. Each issue is to contain three leading articles by well-known writers, and music is to receive particular attention. The review has its home in Paris; the English agents are Messrs. Simpkin Marshall.

THE "Edinburgh Review" publishes a careful appraisement of the work of Mr. Henry James. The list of Mr. James's books, which heads the article, is rather surprising; it contains the titles of thirty-four volumes. The first,

"Watch and Ward," was published in 1871. Towards the conclusion of the article the writer says:—

If he has dropped a line but rarely into the deep waters of life, his soundings have so added to our knowledge of its shallows, that no student of existence can afford to ignore his charts. He has lived, as it were, in the chains with the "lead" in his hands, intent on definite knowledge of the channels and shoals of the human heart, where so many another pilot has been content to steer by the mere appearance of the surface water.

In the "North American Review" we also have an article concerning Mr. Henry James's later work. The writer is Mr. W. D. Howells, and his essay comes as a kind of introduction to the first instalment of Mr. James's new story, "The Ambassadors." Of "The Awkward Age" and "The Wings of the Dove," Mr. Howells says: "These are really incomparable books, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing the least like them. They are of a kind that none but their author can do, and since he is alone master of their art, I am very well content to leave him to do that kind of book quite as he chooses." "The Ambassadors" appears to be of "that kind" also. On the second page we read:—

After the young woman in the glass cage had held up to him, across her counter, the pale pink leaflet bearing his friend's name, which she pronounced, he turned away to find himself in the hall facing a lady who met his eyes as with an intention suddenly determined, and whose features—not freshly young, not markedly fine, but expressive and agreeable—came back to him as from a recent vision. For a moment they stood confronted; then the moment placed her: he had noticed her, the day before, at his previous inn, where—again in the hall—she had been briefly engaged with some people of his own ship's company.

Certainly only Mr. Henry James could have written that.

THE other day Mr. Andrew Lang had in the "Morning Post" an article in his lightest and merriest mood. It all grew out of Mr. Watts-Dunton's sonnets in a recent issue of the "Athenaeum," which told how Percy Aylwin stood in front of a chalet at midnight. "I was much pleased," says Mr. Lang, "by the idea of a novel 'to be continued in our next—in sonnets.'" And at that moment both of Mr. Lang's hands "began to tremble and jerk, each clutched a pencil and took a piece of paper, and as I am a living and honourable man—set off writing without my conscious interference." Mr. Lang, as he puts it, has recently "obliged the town with a romance," and each hand dealt with one of the two heroes.

Will nobody boom me?
Oh, Robertson Nicoll!
My prospects are gloomy,
Will nobody boom me?
With scorn they review me,
With pen-points they prickle.
Will nobody boom me?
Oh, Robertson Nicoll!

After which Mr. Lang's fancy carried him to the offices of the "Athenaeum," and elsewhere, even to "An English-woman's Love Letters" and "The Confessions of a Wife."

C. K. S. has drawn from Major Drury, author of "Bearers of the Burden" and "The Passing of the Flagship," some interesting particulars of his experiences. Says Major Drury:—

Whatever grievances, real or imaginary, I may have had during my twenty-two years service as "soldier and sailor too," lack of variety has certainly not been one of them, for I have served repeatedly in each of the garrisons of Chatham, Walmer, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, have been "on detachment" (and listened for thunder!) at Marchwood Magazines

in the New Forest, built huts and thatched them with the Royal Engineers at Upnor, studied astronomy and other bewilderments with the Royal Navy at Greenwich, and compiled secret intelligence tomes (profusely illustrated) at Whitehall.

Major Drury's adventures afloat, which he describes as "no more than those of the average marine," have ranged from a collision in the North Atlantic to landing a picket at Singapore during a Chinese riot. Major Drury was in command of the marines landed from the "Camperdown" and "Astraea" on the occasion of the massacre of Christians and attack on the British camp at Kandia in 1898. The camp was safely reached, and the marines had to exchange their sea-sodden garments for the trews and glengarries of a Highland regiment.

M. De Blowitz, the late Paris correspondent of the "Times," who died a few days ago, was a remarkable personality. He was, in a way, the founder of a new journalism, the journalism which relies more upon general knowledge of men and things than upon note-books. His acquaintance of international affairs was remarkable, so that the American paper which called him the "European Correspondent" of the "Times" paid him a genuine, if unintentional, compliment. M. de Blowitz's style was familiar to all newspaper readers; it was a good many things which style should not be, and yet he expressed his meaning with precision. His method was to dictate his articles to a shorthand writer, who then translated the copy into English. We are told that his work was almost literally translatable into English; yet a good deal of credit is certainly due to the anonymous translator.

WHY should a journal which has lived happily and in comparative security in the Isle of Wight suddenly have ambitions towards a wider circulation as a "London monthly review"? The question is hardly answered by "Vectis," which, this month, floats its wider appeal at the modest price of threepence. Yet we wish Dr. Dabbs success in his enlarged venture; it is at least simple and unassuming.

THE "Young Man" prints this month the opinions of various writers concerning the decay of the novel. The opinions, naturally, differ, and none are particularly illuminating. We like best what Mr. Jerome and Mr. E. F. Benson have to say. Says Mr. Jerome:—

The form of the novel will change with the changing ages. But delight in the pictured story—in the imagined life—will remain with us till man has ceased to dream.

And Mr. Benson writes:—

Personally, I don't believe novels are any worse now—*i.e.* the best of them—than they ever have been. Because an enormous number of indifferent novels are written, it does not follow that the art of novel-writing is perishing, but only that an increased number of folk are attempting to practice it. If I go on, I shall express an opinion, so I will stop.

If other opinions had been expressed with equal simplicity we should have thought them better worth reading. When Miss Barlow says "there are at present no great novelists" we begin to doubt her critical faculty.

THE new catalogue of the London Library is to be issued to subscribers in February. The library contains something like 220,000 volumes, and the catalogue contains a matter of 2,170,000 words. The actual printing was commenced about a year ago, and 8,000 words a day have been submitted in proof. The difficulties of such a task are obvious, but so great a library needs all that can be done in the way of cataloguing.

THE first production of the Stage Society for this season will take place at the Imperial Theatre on Sunday at eight o'clock. There will also be a performance on Monday at three o'clock. The play selected is Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken." The cast is as follows:—

Professor Arnold Rubek (a Sculptor), G. S. Titheradge.
Mrs. Maia Rubek (his Wife), Miss Mabel Hackney.
The Inspector at the Baths, A. Morrice Seaton.
Ulfheim (a Landed Proprietor), Laurence Irving.
A Stranger Lady, Miss Henrietta Watson.
A Sister of Mercy, Miss Edith Craig.

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE has achieved the distinction of being the subject of the "World's" seven-hundred-and-eighty-third "Celebrities at Home" article. From it we learn that Mr. Hyne's early tendencies were towards athleticism rather than literature; "he was so good an oar as to be in the University (Cambridge) trial eights, while he materially assisted in working his college boat to a place higher up the river than it had ever attained before." Mr. Hyne is a great traveller and knows Africa extensively. Concerning Captain Kettle we read:—

In was on his journey home, sailing from New Orleans on a tramp steamer, that he met the redoubtable "Captain Kettle," though not of that name. Passengers not being permitted on that kind of craft, Mr. Hyne had to sign articles before the Consul as doctor or mate, and so as one of the crew Mr. Hyne ran the risk of being shot by the fiery little skipper like any other of his shipmates. But Mr. Hyne's Captain Kettle of his famous "Adventures," he admits, is somewhat of a composite creation, embodying the brave spirit, the foul-mouthed imprecations, and the Methodism of the captain with the accordion-playing of the engineer and the poetical effusiveness of the fourth mate.

We like Captain Kettle, but we can never quite forgive Mr. Hyne for depriving him of a leg.

Bibliographical.

Now that Fanny Burney has been adjudged worthy of inclusion in a series of "English Men of Letters," there is every likelihood that reprints of her books will become "lively" in the market. Messrs. Dent have already set the ball rolling with a new edition of "Evelina," which they issued in two volumes just ten years ago, along with "Cecilia" in three volumes—both illustrated, and both under the editorship of Mr. Brimley Johnson. There had been two cheap reprints of "Evelina" by Cassells in 1888, and one cheap reprint of that story (by Ward and Lock) in 1881. In 1881–82 Messrs. Bell sent out an edition of both stories, edited by A. R. Ellis. Of "Evelina" there was an illustrated and a cheap edition in 1898. In Miss Burney's "Camilla" and "The Wanderer," the booksellers, one notes, do not now speculate, though the lady received originally £3,000 for the one, and £1,500 for the other. But the truth is, they are poor things. Miss Burney's sister-novelist, Miss Kavanagh, went so far as to call "The Wanderer" "dull." For Miss Burney's drama, "Edwin and Elgitha," there is naturally no demand. On the other hand, her Diary and Letters have had fair attention paid to them. The "Early Diary" was edited by A. R. Ellis in two volumes in 1889. The "Diary and Letters," edited by W. C. Ward, appeared in three volumes in 1890–2 (Vizetelly), and, edited by her niece Charlotte Barrett, in 4 volumes, in 1891 (Bell). The best popular account of Miss Burney is that published by Messrs. Seeley in 1889, and again in 1895, under the title of "Fanny Burney and Her Friends." It was Macaulay, of course, who started what may be called Miss Burney's modern vogue.

The title of the latest translation from Nietzsche is "Dawn of the Day" (Morgenrothe). The first "Englishing" of this writer appears to have been undertaken in 1896, when Messrs. Henry published a volume translated by T. Common, and another translated by A. Tille. The latter was "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a work which reappeared in 1899 and again in 1901. In 1899 came "A Genealogy of Morals: Poems" and another version of "The Case Against Wagner." For the purposes of the ordinary reader, who does not want to go too deeply into the subject, the volume published in 1901, entitled "Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet," may be pronounced sufficient.

Mr. Albert Chevalier, the singer and entertainer, who was photographed the other day "in his library," seems ambitious of literary fame. Not long ago he published his autobiography, under the title of "Before I Forget," and now he has given us a little book of "Limelight Lays." Some of his dramatic pieces are no doubt in print: they range from fantasy to burlesque. The theatrical scribe is nowadays quite a "common object" on the literary shore. Mr. R. G. Legge, the author of the new play at the Shaftesbury Theatre, "For Sword or Song," has thought sufficiently well of it to publish it in book form.

I find Mr. Goldwin Smith writing in the "Daily News" to this effect: "Personal libel under the term of fiction is of all kinds of libel the most cowardly and disgraceful. It is absolutely free from the restraint of truth, and the person libelled has no means of vindicating his character. If he resents the calumny, he is said to be putting the cap on his own head." I wonder whether Mr. Smith, when penning these lines, had in his mind a certain sketch of an Oxford Professor in a certain novel by a late Prime Minister?

The "Edinburgh Review" says of Mr. Henry James: "One has somehow regarded him as the reverse of a prolific writer . . . yet there have been published for the English reader close upon a hundred novels and tales." Of full-blown novels, I think it would be found, Mr. James has not given us even a score since "The American" came out in 1877. So far, I have counted only some sixteen, though there may be more. Where Mr. James has been really fertile has been in short tales. Of volumes made up of such he has produced, over here, some fourteen or so, from "The Madonna of the Future" in 1879 to "The Soft Side" in 1900. It was by his short stories, and notably by "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode" (in the "Cornhill"), that he first caught the ear of our public. It is even now open to anyone to argue that Mr. James will always be best remembered by his swallow-flights of prose. One regrets that he has apparently deserted the stage since the production of "Guy Domville." I believe he turned his "Daisy Miller" into a comedy which has been printed. Why has it not been played in England?

The late Dr. Gatty's contributions to literature, putting aside sermons separate and collected, appear to have been fairly varied. His earliest volume, it would seem, was "Fancies of a Rhymer" (1833). He is credited with two topographic-historical works—"Hallamshire" (new and enlarged edition, 1869) and "Sheffield, Past and Present" (1873). He wrote a book on "The Bell, its Origin, History, and Uses" (1847). The publications on literary subjects include "Literature and the Literary Character" (1858), "The Poetical Character" as illustrated in the works of Tennyson (1860), and "A Key to 'In Memoriam'" (1881). His clerical labours and experiences were the basis of two other books—"The Vicar and His Duties" (1853), and "A Life at One Living" (Ecclesfield) (1884).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Young Milton?

Nova Solyma; or, JERUSALEM REGAINED: An anonymous Romance written in the time of Charles I., now first drawn from obscurity, and attributed to the illustrious John Milton. With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays and a Bibliography. By the Rev. Walter Begley (Murray.)

AFTER two hundred and fifty years of obscurity it is claimed that the message of Milton's youth has reached us, and, indeed, so insistent is the chain of cumulative evidence that the general reader will be convinced that he is listening to the interpreter of Milton and to no other. Moreover, when he has been reduced to this state of complaisant acquiescence he will see in the hero of "Nova Solyma" the portrait of Milton himself. For here the urbane persistence of the translator leaves him but little choice. Page after page vibrates with the exaltation of Joseph, and in a long series of footnotes Mr. Begley claims for Milton alone the right to such homage. The reader, caught as it were between two flames burning before one altar, will be content to waive criticism as incompatible with worship.

It is a complex personality through whose lips Milton is thought to have uttered the wonderful secrets of his youth. It is a personality infused at once with the awe of holiness and with the craving for beauty. Joseph is dominated by the stern dictates of the Hebrews, but he is none the less haunted by the far-off whisper of Hellas. Shaken by the passion for sanctity, he peers into the inner depths of his own soul, but he also looks outward, wooed by the mysterious earth-call of nature. Surely we find in this picture that subtle blending of the two spirits—the Hebraic and the Hellenic—which is so conspicuous in "Samson Agonistes."

But it is only here and there, in "purple passages," that one catches the tameless energy of Milton's genius. Ordinarily one feels the weight of a laborious rectitude, the terrible didacticism of Adam without the storm and the genius of Satan. Joseph is illuminating, but not sympathetic—he is impressive, but not magnetic. It is, in short, the third something of the story-teller that one looks for in vain in these pages. And in a romance no amount of abstract reasoning can take the place of this indefinable facility which the labours of Sisyphus can never acquire. Compare the wily Odysseus with the pious Aeneas. Both are governed by the lot apportioned to them by the gods. Both break ruthlessly the ties of passion at the call of the hidden fate. Both are fearless and resolute, bound by no fetters other than the threads of their destinies. But what a difference between them, a difference which not even the imperishable charm of Virgil could obliterate!

The book opens with the return of the hero to his fatherland. Two young Englishmen accompany him, and to them Joseph and his father expound the teachings of this Utopia. Then follows a series of discourses on topics of primary interest, such as religion, love, and education. In the treatment of the first we catch a glimpse of Miltonic Arianism. In the second, we are reminded of the "Lady of Christ's." In the third, the anonymous author exhibits the practical knowledge of education which is known to have belonged to the great English poet.

Again, Mr. Begley quotes Prof. Dowden as attributing the absence of a great Puritan literature to the shortness of the Puritan dominance, and it is true that "we can only surmise on the question whether righteousness would have flowered in beauty and severity have worn the garments of joy." He then proceeds to cite the more hostile authority of M. Taine in order further to convince us that Milton was the only Puritan who was able to pass

beyond the fetters of English sectarianism. He further cites the curious parallel between Apollos and Milton's own private tutor, Thomas Young.

But it is on the question of language that Mr. Begley is most convincing. He says in his introduction:—

Milton is acknowledged to be the best Latinist of his time in England, and as a versifier following the best classical models of Rome, he was in the first ranks. But he was no pedant. . . . He was careless about his prosody. He was fond of coining words, not always most correctly built up. He has a short vowel twenty-seven times before *sp* and *sc*. He has hexameter lines now and then without a caesura (strong). He has one or two fine examples of those rare lines where the sound goes musically with the sense, e.g.:—

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.
Elegia, IV., 119.

Now all these marked peculiarities without one exception can be shown to be the common property of the author of "Nova Solyma" as well.

That sounds like strong evidence, but in the coined word *Belgia*, used both by the author of this romance and by Milton, the translator advances a most startling proof of the latter's authorship. The book is obviously the work of a poet and a musician and a scholastic, and Milton, without being in the least a pedant, was certainly all three. Moreover, there were between 1600 and 1650 only three romances in England, and Mr. Begley considers that one of these, *Mundus Alter et Idem*, may be from an Italian pen. On the whole, then, the translator concludes that no other person than Milton could have written the Utopia known as "Nova Solyma."

Mr. Begley's erudition and his adroitness in handling this literary brief will have an interest for scholars. Some of his eulogies, however, sound excessive, and it is difficult to accept the suggestion that an Englishman at twenty wrote better Latin Hexameters than Virgil. Be this as it may, and setting aside the historic glamour attached to this book, the general reader will naturally look for those unmistakeable marks of genius that made the English Puritan one of the world's poets. He will look for the Milton of "Lycidas," he will hope for a faint suggestion of "Paradise Lost." He will seek a hint of that artistic perfection of form which found expression in "Samson Agonistes." He will hope for a glance at that vivifying power to which Wordsworth appealed in the hour of England's need. All these things the general reader will search for in these pages, and in no one instance will he be wholly disappointed.

In the poetry scattered through these volumes you will find classical myths woven into the web of Christianity just as in "Lycidas." In the chapter entitled "Joseph's Ecstatic Vision" it is difficult to avoid seeing a faint foreshadowing of him whose destiny it was "the secrets of the abyss to spy." After alluding to Mr. Begley's comparison of Milton with Virgil, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the technical finish of the lyrics in "Nova Solyma." But it is in the philosophic morality of the young Joseph before everything else that you will find the beginning of Milton's wisdom. Yes, but the story! In a romance, even from the pen of Milton, may we not look for the elemental thrills, the glamour of love and the eternal mystery of hate? The story, as a story, is a failure in the sense that its author did not aim at producing a work of art as we understand it. Allowing for the differences of time and language, ignoring the tedium of many *longueurs*, passing over the tiresome conventionalities of bandits and disguised heroines, the romance leaves us indifferent, for in it the simple passions of humanity are treated as abstractions. The story is too reasonable, too emphatically upon the side of the angels to satisfy those who wish merely for an interpretation of life. But, after all, why should we expect a "story" from the creator of one of the world's epics?

Good History.

A HISTORY OF SIENA. By Langton Douglas. (Murray. 25s.)

"MAIS voici Naples. Étes-vous comme moi ? à l'approche d'une grande et belle ville, je suis prise de palpitations, d'inquiétudes. Je voudrais prendre la ville pour moi." These words of Marie Bashkirtseff express that subtle emotion which the very names of some cities, particularly of Italian cities, recall to many sensitive beings. To such people a city is not an area of brick and stone, a conglomeration of public buildings and private dwellings. It is not an entity merely because it contains so many thousands of inhabitants, or because its haunting associations are plastered over with the aggressive usefulness of modern comfort. For such people it possesses the magnetism of a human being, ennobling or dangerous, but never banal, never to be defined by the prices of its hotels or the relative vigour of its commerce. In short, for these people a city has a soul which is not registered in its directory or exploited in its guide-book. And, though the modern tourist has done his work conscientiously and well, there are still some cities whose souls he has not vulgarised.

Mr. Douglas shows us Siena from this stand-point, and in every page of this attractive volume the author's personal feeling for the Tuscan city is visible. It is his pride to hold a brief for Siena. It is the irony of history that compels him to hold it against Florence. At first one feels acutely the incongruity of one who loves Italy so well indulging in mordant dialectic against the city of Dante. But Mr. Douglas sees Siena as the victim of endless Florentine misrepresentation. For the Sienese, indeed, almost from the beginning right on to the fall of their Republic, Florence was the hereditary foe.

This author maintains that the nature of the conflict between these two communes has always been misunderstood. Florence was not a democracy and Siena was not an aristocracy. Neither the union of the former with the Pope nor the union of the latter with the Emperor was "much more than a *mariage de convenience*." The real, inherent policy of both was commercial. In fact the author rather repels us in the chapter entitled "A Nation of Shopkeepers," so emphatically does he dwell upon the money-making instincts of the Sienese. Assuredly it is not in this that we are to search for the soul of Siena. But little by little the personality of the commune grows upon us as the author reveals the curious contrasts of her nature. One quality alone seems to be theirs always and without alloy—the joy of life. Tested by their long conflicts with the feudal nobles, harassed by the merciless warfare of Florence, lacerated by the Foreign Companies, and finally beaten to their knees by the Spaniards, the Sienese emerge apparently as reckless and as insouciant as ever.

The defeat of Manfred at Benevento brought despair to the Ghibellines, but it was not until the battle of Colle in 1269 that the Sienese lost all hope for the doomed cause. There followed the ill-omened alliance with Florence and the immediate recuperation of Sienese commerce. After this we hear of constant internal factions, and the Duke of Calabria is called in to establish order. In 1335, through the agency of Charles IV., the impotent oligarchy of the Nove is expelled from the city. It is followed by an oligarchy of tradesmen of whom the author observes: "The Twelve were the worst of the rulers that ever held sway over this ill-governed State." These are driven from power by The Reformers "after thirteen years misrule." The next phase of discipline to which the Sienese are subjected is a series of ruthless incursions by the Foreign Companies who preyed over the whole of Italy. St. Catherine attempts to bring the solace of her calm to the

distracted city of her birth, but is only partially successful. And so, on and on, from one conflict to another the Sienese burn out the swift flame of their destiny, until at last, under the heroic Montluc, they surrender to Cosimo in 1555. With the occupation by the Spaniards the history of Siena closes; two years afterwards the Republic ceased to exist.

It was a desolate city [writes Mr. Douglas] that the Spaniards took possession of. In two years its population had been reduced from 40,000 to 8,000 souls. But famine and bereavement could not change the nature of the Sienese. Their chronic light-heartedness and mobility, their irradicable hospitalateness survived all shocks. They could not help giving a welcome to the brave Marignano. Even for him was the city's greeting inscribed over one of her gates—*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit*. The women hung out their brocades from their windows, and smiled down upon the Spanish cavaliers as they rode by, even as they had welcomed Charles himself twenty years before.

An extraordinary picture, but not yet has the riddle of this wayward people been expounded to us.

The second part of this book is devoted to Sienese art, and it is in the Duomo that we are shown the very soul of Siena:—

Sensuous and mystical, shrewd and yet prone to pleasant folly, with a child-like faith in tradition and legendary story, yet unconventional and liberty-loving, passionate alike in love and in hatred, this strange people has here expressed itself in stone.

In his chapter on sculpture Mr. Douglas strongly opposes M. Reymond's theory that none of the reliefs on the facade of the cathedral of Orvieto were the work of Sienese sculptors. He traces the artistic development of Nicola and Giovanni Pisano after their transplantation to Tuscan soil. Of Jacopo Della Quercia he writes: "Weaker men, from Sodoma to Burne-Jones, have borrowed his motifs and emasculated them, thus offering Quercia the sometimes doubtful compliment of imitation." He claims that, with the exception of Marrina, this "artists' artist" was "the last sculptor of the highest rank that Siena gave birth to."

The chapter on Sienese painting is, naturally, by far the most important in the book. "The Sienese," he says, "is the first-born of the great Italian schools of painting." It was the art in which "Siena expressed herself more completely than in any other medium." For Duccio he claims that "in his own sphere, in tempora painting," he had "no superior amongst his contemporaries." He champions him against the misrepresentations of Vassari, who asserted that "the Sienese master's greatest followers were disciples of Giotto." Amongst many of the admirable studies contained in this chapter we would call particular attention to those of the brothers Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti and to the profound analysis of Sodoma. Of the antithesis to Sodoma, the respectable Beccafumi, he observes that his "work suffered because of the faults of his virtues." The chapter closes with the statement of three reasons for the comparative deficiency of artistic vitality in the Sienese. Briefly these reasons are: (1) exhaustion from war; (2) loss of wealth; (3) the absence in Siena of any "independent epoch-making genius like Massaccio." The book concludes with two chapters dealing, respectively, with the minor arts and the literature of Siena. There are nearly eighty illustrations in the volume, including photogravures.

Except for the fact that the banality, "there is not a dull page in the book," would be offensive as applied to a work essentially serious in its erudition, in its aim, and in its achievement, we should certainly apply it to the "History of Siena."

Intellectual Poetry.

A HERMIT OF CARMEL AND OTHER POEMS. By George Santayana. (Brimley Johnson.)

HITHERTO Mr. Santayana has only been known to us by some aesthetic disquisitions, and by some rather striking sonnets quoted in Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation." He is, we understand, of Spanish birth,

from the wind-swept moor,
Where Guadarrama lifts his purple crest,

and actually a lecturer in philosophy in Harvard College. Poetry of distinction is at this moment so rare a thing in American literature that we open his volume with some interest. The sonnet is, certainly, his strong point. Its elegiac manner suits his temperament, and he has thoroughly mastered its difficult architecture. Here are two examples from the half-dozen or so in the book:—

BEFORE A STATUE OF ACHILLES.

Who brought thee forth, immortal vision, who
In Phthia or in Tempe brought thee forth?
Out of the sunlight and the sapful earth
What god the simples of thy spirit drew?
A goddess rose from the green waves, and threw
Her arms about a king to give thee birth;
A centaur, patron of thy boyish mirth,
Over the meadows in thy footsteps flew.
Now Thessaly forgets thee, and the deep
Thy keeled bark furrowed answers not thy prayer;
But far away new generations keep
Thy laurels fresh, where branching Isis hems
The lawns of Oxford round about, or where
Enchanted Eton sits by pleasant Thames.

THE RUSTIC AT THE PLAY.

Our youth is like a rustic at the play
That cries aloud in simple-hearted fear,
Curses the villain, shudders at the fray,
And weeps before the maiden's wretched bier.
Yet once familiar with the changeful show,
He starts no longer at a brandished knife,
But, his heart chastened at the sight of woe,
Ponders the mirrored sorrows of his life.
So tutored too, I watch the moving art
Of all this magic and impassioned pain
That tells the story of the human heart
In a false instance, such as poets feign;
I smile, and keep within the parchment furled
That prompts the passions of this strutting world.

There can be no doubt of the dignity and the felicity of this writing, of its technical accomplishment, of the largeness and ease of its movement. And the same qualities are to be found in the two fragments of a blank verse drama, in the lyric and elegiac pieces, and in the occasional and lighter rhymes which make up the volume. And yet it leaves us cold; probably because it is altogether cold itself. Mr. Santayana may feel deeply, for all we can tell, but if so, his emotions are frozen before they come out at his pen-point. The general impression left is that of a rather impeccable artist and a solitary and austere thinker, with but little of that rich and lyric humanity which is the life-blood of song. The following lines strike perhaps his most personal note:—

MIDNIGHT.

The dank earth reeks with three days' rain,
The phantom trees are dark and still,
Above the darkness and the hill
The tardy moon shines out again.
O heavy lethargy of pain!
O shadows of forgotten ill!

My parrot lips, when I was young,
To prove and to disprove were bold.
The mighty world has tied my tongue,
And in dull custom growing old
I leave the burning truth untold
And the heart's anguish all unsung.

Youth dies in man's benumbed soul,
Maid bows to woman's broken life,
A thousand leagues of silence roll
Between the husband and the wife.
The spirit faints with inward strife
And lonely gazing at the pole.

But how shall reptiles pine for wings,
Or a parched desert know its dearth?
Immortal is the soul that sings
The sorrow of her mortal birth.
O cruel beauty of the earth!
O love's unutterable stings!

And even here it is less direct and immediate emotion that we get, than emotion highly intellectualised and directed to the abstract.

Daemonic Religion.

THE RELIGION OF PLUTARCH. By John Oakesmith. (Longmans. 5s.)

This book is a careful study of a great man's religion, and it must be confessed at once that the interest of the essay is not so much in the ideas herein disclosed as in the fact that these ideas are those with which Plutarch propped his mind. To most of us Plutarch is a lively chattering of men and their deeds. Had he lived to-day he would have edited the Dictionary of National Biography. Men interested him, and his own bias was never too strong to twist him from contemplating the eccentric curves of others. If it were not that Sir Leslie Stephen himself lives to-day to disprove the hypothesis we should have concluded that the essential of a biographer is that he shall himself be non-religious. Therefore we are grateful to Dr. Oakesmith for throwing into relief those parts of Plutarch's "moralia" which relate specifically to the subject of the essay. No other English scholar has attempted this task, for admittedly Prof. Mahaffy's account is insufficient; indeed, this volume may be regarded as a counterblast to the Professor's blast ("Plutarch is a narrow and bigoted Hellene"). If we mistake not this essay will send other scholars to work on this theme, and we may expect before long to see attempts made to undermine Dr. Oakesmith's position. In this reprint the author has, wisely we think, translated most of the Greek and Latin passages, and accordingly in its present form the book appeals to the general reader as well as to the scholar. We hope that if another edition is called for an index will be added.

Dr. Oakesmith repeatedly insists that Plutarch was neither a very consistent nor original thinker—a statement which the reader will be able to prove without straying beyond the covers of this volume. At the very outset he will continually be asking himself the question, "What would Plutarch do without Daemons?" What Hell was to the theology of the middle ages, and what the Devil is to the narrow Calvinism of our own day, that Daemons were to Plutarch. After enunciating that reason must help us to understand the mysteries of religion or that philosophy must be our mystagogue to theology, we find him calling in the aid of the Daemons to extricate him from every knotty point of his speculation. Postulating a good and merciful God, he bids the Daemons acknowledge their fatherly care of all that is evil in the world in the hope that he (Plutarch) may go on rejoicing in this best of all possible worlds. So the Daemons are the "scapegoats for everything obscene, cruel, selfish." How modern it all seems. We must not infer in a world so populous with Daemons that God himself is quite immune from Daemonic taint, for does not God delay punishment that he may the more effectively bite it in later (p. 110)? Sometimes, however, God punishes "violence, profanity, obscenity," before the actual outbreak of the sin, that is, to put it another way, when the innocent suffer they are being punished for their potential crimes. Now if a deity delays to

punish crime in some and yet punishes potential crime in others, it is clear that we are dealing not with a power but with a nullity. Again, the sins of the father are visited on the children, and yet the fathers are punished in the after-world for ever. It is difficult to distinguish Daemon from Deity. Dr. Oakesmith sums up Plutarch's teaching on the punishment of evil in these amazing words:—

It is clear in every part of this interesting dialogue that the god whom Plutarch believes in is a personal deity, a deity full of tender care for mankind, supreme indeed by virtue of his omnipotence and justice, but supreme also by virtue (p. 119).

The early chapters of the volume deal with the morality of the pagan world, and the author seeks to corroborate the statement that the pagan ages were not more immoral than the Christian; in this chapter there is also a brief sketch of Roman religion. We have only space to refer to one or two points. On p. 31 we read that "excess of reason in Plato has produced a similar result to that produced by excess of emotion in modern religion." Assuming that excess of reason is possible, can we draw a parallel between Platonism and the emotional religion of to-day? Is it not the fact rather that excess of emotion simply destroys the power to reason, whereas excess of reasoning has made the Hellenes a spring of intellectual life for all time? Excess of emotion brings religion down to the lowest intellect. Plato's religion was beyond the reach of the ordinary man. But did Plato err by reasoning overmuch? On the contrary, we think that Plato erred, when he did err, by refusing to keep always to the path of experience.

In conclusion, looked at from any point of view, this book is a learned, thoughtful presentation of theological speculations which in differing forms have pleased humanists in all ages.

"Of the Flamboyant School."

WIT AND WISDOM FROM EDGAR SALTUS. By G. F. Monks-hood and George Gamble. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. EDGAR SALTUS, novelist and essayist, has, we believe, a serious reputation in America. It is, at any rate, so far serious that two writers have thought it worth their while to confer on the English public a series of extracts from his writings, designed to exhibit the treasures of style and substance which are found in his work. Of course, this book conveys no idea of his merits or demerits as a novelist; and but an inferential idea of his qualities as essayist. But it is worth while to examine what are the powers which can secure an American reputation as a brilliant master of style. For it is specially in this character that Mr. Saltus is commended to us by the writer—or writers—of the introduction.

The foremost feature (it seems) of Mr. Saltus' style is that he is death on clichés. Remember that; for Mr. Saltus dissembles his hatred with singular ability. He has a wonderful vocabulary, the colour and glitter of a diamond, aims largely at dazzling, is full of point, originality of similes, and occasional unusualness of diction. So far the Introduction. Well, reader, the fact is you know Mr. Saltus. He is one of the flamboyant school: his representative in England is Mr. Capes. The difference is, that Mr. Saltus is crude, terribly crude. He is like this:—

In a second the bull was on him; but in that second a tongue of steel leaped from the muleta, glittered like a silver flake in the air, and straight over the lowered horns it swept and then cleaved down through the parting flesh and touched the spring of life.

That is the way of it. "A tongue of steel leaped from the muleta." How came this exterminator of clichés to talk about "a tongue of steel"—a very bad cliché, if we

know anything of the breed? "Touched the spring of life"—another cliché, banal and pretentious enough to satisfy any penny-a-liner. "Glittered like a silver flake in the air." A "flake," we take it, is the worst word in the world by which to describe a long, narrow, pointed object like a sword-blade. The whole passage is a typical example of tawdry pretentiousness in the expression of a plain thing. "A delicious young girl with the Orient in her eyes, and lips that said, Drink me." There you are again! "The Orient in her eyes" is a cliché of purest ray serene. But the last phrase is all Mr. Saltus' own:—

The vicar still calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;

but only Mr. Saltus has dreamed of drinking the lips themselves.

She was a pale, freckled girl, with hair the shade of Bavarian beer. She was not beautiful, but then she was good—a sort of angel bound in calf.

That is wisdom, we suppose—it cannot be wit. But "Bavarian beer," unlike the girl, is beautiful—very beautiful. Another lady is "the sort of woman that ought to be gagged and kept in bed with a doll." Which, unless it were labelled wit or wisdom, we might have taken for mere rudeness. But the cream of Mr. Saltus is perhaps what follows:—

Her hair was Cimmerian, the black of basalt that knows no shade more dark. . . . Her eyes were not oval, but round, and they were amber as those of leopards, the yellow of living gold. . . . When she laughed one could see her tongue; it was like an inner cut of water-melon, and sometimes, when she was silent, the point of it caressed her under-lip.

The most hardened novel-reader might gasp before this lady with Cimmerian hair, eyes at once amber and yellow gold (though gold is not amber nor amber golden), and a habit of licking her lip with a tongue like a slice of water-melon—the last carnivorous trait, possibly the result of possessing leopard-like eyes. Can it be that this is style in America? In England we should send its author to do war-correspondence—perchance for the "Daily News."

Other New Books.

EMERSON'S WORKS. 4 vols. (Routledge. 20s.)

This handsome complete edition of Emerson is printed from the stereo plates of the well-known "Riverside" edition, but the twelve volumes of that issue are here compressed into four. All the prose and verse published during Emerson's life-time is included, together with the two volumes of Essays, Lectures, and Speeches prepared by his literary executor, Mr. J. Elliot Cabot.

It would be interesting to discover, if such discovery were possible, what influence Emerson has upon this generation. It is hardly, we think, so great as in the past, but that for no reason inherent in the work. He delivered his message at a time and to a people just broadening into the great commercial conditions which seem to govern to-day. His appeal to the non-material and the inner spirit of the material gave a touch of actuality to the force of his message. The actuality in fact remains to-day, but it seems more remote; conditions have altered; much of what he saw coming and deplored has established itself as part of our world; therefore his ideas, or some of them at least, have an air of desuetude. But to turn over these pages is to be impressed once more with the clean outlook, the noble endeavour, of their writer. Emerson's transcendentalism, sometimes too far removed from life, often goes to the

heart of it. Always when he talks of Nature he is inspiring :—

One look at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. To the intelligent, nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an *Oedipus* arrives; he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it and report of the return of the curve.

Narrow in certain directions Emerson undoubtedly was, chilling in others. Yet he always had a disarming candour, and confessed his own limitations when he recognised them. Aloofness was his weakness, as when he says, ". . . though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods." It was that lack of the support and knowledge of "warm sympathies" which perhaps narrowed his influence.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYAL PARISH. By Patricia Lindsay. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

MRS. LINDSAY is a daughter of Dr. Robertson, of Hopewell, Aberdeenshire, who for thirty-three years enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Queen Victoria and her family at the times when they sought the privilege of privacy at Balmoral. Her little book is a kind of note to the published leaves of the Queen's Journal. It contains glimpses of various members of the family, and particularly of the Prince Consort and the Dowager-Empress of Germany.

Here and there, amidst matter of secondary interest, it throws a light upon the more frivolous side of a great sovereign. The office of court jester, it would seem, has survived the name :—

The late Dowager Duchess of Athole, to whom the Queen was much attached, was an excellent *raconteuse*. I have often heard my father speak of the Queen's intense amusement on one occasion when he was present and the Duchess told the story of the comical advertisement regarding the Dunkeld and Blairgowrie coach, which was once posted in the village of Dunkeld. The coach was named "The Duchess of Athole," and the inn from which it started was "The Duke's Arms." The notice ran as follows: "The Duchess of Athole leaves The Duke's Arms every lawful morning at six o'clock."

There is interest of another kind in the details of the Queen's intercourse with the peasantry, to whom she was no more than the great lady of the neighbourhood. "Come awa ben and sit doon, Queen Victoria," was the hospitable bidding of one woman, to which the Queen of England and Empress of India could respond without sense of degradation. "Is this you, my Sovereign?" was the splendidly simple salutation of another neighbour.

And here is a letter in which that kindly gentlewoman, the Queen of half the globe, condoles with Mrs. Lindsay upon the death of Dr. Robertson, her father :—

Dear Mrs. Lindsay,—Tho' I telegraphed to you yesterday, I wish to write to express to you and your brother and sister my true sympathy with you in the irreparable loss of your beloved father, whose last days you have all helped to cheer. I wish also to express my deep regret at the loss of one who was so bound up with former happy days at Balmoral, and with all connected with this my beloved Highland home. . . .

Fiction.

BUSH STUDIES. By Barbara Baynton. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

A book that contradicts a preconception is always interesting, and when, as in the case of "Bush Studies" it is full of the fine art which interprets as well as presents, it must be allowed to stand out honourably from what are too justly called "the ranks" of fiction. Speaking generally, we may say that while Australia's climatic rigours have been freely drawn on to give an impressive local colour, and the picturesque blackguardism of Captain Starlight's type has never lacked a historian, the murk and squalor contingent on a state of soul-deadening isolation have scarcely been peered into by artists of Australian repute.

Here, however, we have an artist who instinctively chooses to draw an Australia which is not of Rolf Boldrewood or Louis Becke or Mrs. Campbell Praed. It is grey and drouthy and blasphemous. It is lonely and it offers cavernous leisure for the doing of foul things. Instead of the bunyip we have the blow-fly; instead of the bush-ranger we have a swag-carrying Tarquin. Instead of the pretty Miss, insuperably charming in her breezy gaiety and white blouse, we have the lady of faulty ancestry who was told "that any red black-gin was as good as a half chow"; and, in short, we have the foul side—the "East End"—of Australia instead of our preconception (in rose colour) of all sides.

And "foul is fair," to misapply Shakespeare, because the writer before us has a powerful brain which controls her invention in almost every instance. The exception is the first story where the grim features are accumulated rather too ostentatiously. There is something so tragic in the bare fact of making a journey of reconciliation in vain; it is so lamentable to miss a last living look of kindness from a mother that the anger of a swollen stream appears a superfluous contribution to the tale called "A Dreamer." What strikes modern minds as the essence of tragedy is rather the feeling of fortuity in calamity than the sense of premeditated blows.

It is quite clear that Mrs. Baynton is fortified and amused by an ironic perception, both daring and original. The secret is out when we find that the murdered wife in the last story might have been saved if a superstitious Irishman had not mistaken her flying form for the Virgin Mary. An ironic perception implies the sense of humour which flourishes bravely in "Bush Church" and "Billy Skywonkie." In the former we see how a wag collected a congregation for a minister by pretending that the man of God was a government spy. The reaction was of the bush bushy, and in all the chatter and gabble and bad manners of the relieved audience we enjoy a perfectly adjusted view of a community in which the midwife is called a "rabbit ketcher" and "a fair sized damper" is "taken from a pillow slip" during a sermon. Billy Skywonkie is a "rouseabout," out of whose mouth we get—"by criteps"! —an excellent piece of art criticism.

She spoke once only, "What a lot of frogs seem to be in that lake!"

He laughed. "That's ther Nine Mile Dam!" . . . "Lake!" he sniggered . . . "Thet's wot thet there bloke, the painter doodle, called it . . . An' 'e drors ther Dam an' ther trees . . . an' 'e puts in ther 'orses right clost against ther water w're the frogs is. 'E puts them in too, and damned if 'e don't dror ther 'orses drinkin' ther water with ther frogs, an' ther frogs spit on it! Likely yarn ther 'orses ud drink ther water with ther blanky frogs' spit on it!"

The writer, we may add, has something of Ouida's almost agonising power of individualising animals. She has drawn two unforgettable dogs whose kennels Gulliver might have visited with the reverence he gave to his horses.

24 January, 1903.

BUNNY AND THE TYRELLS. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock.)

STORIES about real boys are rare, so rare that when we come across them we must needs praise them gladly. And there can be no doubt that these stories by Mr. Clarke are good; the actual boy lives in them, not that manufactured boy who is something between an heroic baby and a sentimental prig. Not that Mr. Clarke leaves out heroism and sentiment, but neither is morbid. We have detected hardly a false note in this little sheaf of studies; here and there are improbabilities and coincidences which the author is quite strong enough to do without, but beyond such trifling matters the work is true.

The "Rabbit" may at first strike the reader as being a little overdone, but Mr. Clarke keeps him down to reality with so much skill that we soon accept him. The three Tyrell brothers are excellent, particularly the youngest, he who begins by quarrelling with the "Rabbit" over the justice of certain applause at an amateur cricket-match in Parliament Hill Fields, and ends by loving him.

"Well plied, sir-in," screamed the ragamuffins, dwelling lovingly upon the title. (It was only upon the cricket-field that they permitted themselves to use it.)

"Oh! well scraped!" trebled Claude.

Hero worship is ever resentful of criticism, and the result of Claude's efforts to create a higher standard of taste was to bring the cads about him in an angry circle. He thought it time to stand up.

"You think a fat lot of yourself!" said a child of Claude's own age, who was removed from his companions, socially, by the gulf that divides patches from rags.

"Dot him, Rabbit!" cried the expectant ring.

But Rabbit did not "dot" him at that moment. Why he didn't readers of the story will discover pleasantly for themselves.

In matters of sentiment Mr. Clarke strikes us as particularly happy. "The Passing of Pharaoh" tells of the death of a dog, a subject that has been mishandled so often that we approached it with misgivings. But Mr. Clarke suggests the sorrow of the household, and particularly the sorrow of the youngsters, with real and quite human pathos. There are both tears and laughter in the tale.

Altogether we welcome Mr. Clarke to the thin rank of authors who can write naturally about boys. A great point in his favour is that he never makes them smart. The smart boy in fiction is almost worse than the smart boy in real life, and both are unendurable.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS. By W. E. NORRIS.

The story of a failure, told with all Mr. Norris's minute knowledge of the ways and habits of the class in which Lord Leonard moves. The narrative is rather depressing, but the note of ill-fortune is never forced, and the sad and civil hero wins our sympathy, if he does not arouse our admiration. Lord Leonard was born to be a sailor, but fate, by means of an accident to an express train, made him a wealthy peer. A well told, unemotional story. (Methuen.)

THE CIRCLE. By KATHERINE C. THURSTON.

The motto is: "In youth, we dream that life is a straight line; later, we know it to be a circle—in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past." The heroine is Anna, daughter of Old Solny who kept a curio shop. In Chapter XIV. she receives an amazing letter—with an offer. Before she goes she asks a question of her father: "Which is easier to mend—a broken heart or a cut throat?" A strong story. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE SHUTTERS OF SILENCE.

By G. B. BURGIN.

The motto is from "Kim"—"We be all Souls, seeking the way," the scene of the story is Canada, and the Prologue describes the Trappist Monastery at Mahota, where the Abbot, "cumbered with many cares, sat alone, his head resting between his hands as he listened to the howling of the bitter Canadian blast." This is Mr. Burgin's nineteenth novel. (John Long. 6s.)

BY THE RAMPARTS OF JEZREEL.

By ARNOLD DAVENPORT.

The frontispiece is a picture called "The Syrians rolled up a ram to the gate," and the pages, which are printed from American plates, are crowded with names that the Old Testament has made familiar. "And in the prophet's ear shrilled a thin voice, the word of the dead Elijah: 'Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, saith the Lord, and will utterly sweep thee away, and will cut off from Ahab every soul in Israel.'" (Longmans. 6s.)

BY A FINNISH LAKE.

By PAUL WAINEMAN.

A novel of Finnish life and character in a Finnish parsonage. It is mainly a love story that is developed amidst the romantic scenery of Finland. "Year by year the solitude of her life shrivelled her up—the intense solitude of ten endless Finnish winters in the depths of the country, the always aching solitude of a barren woman. Only in the springtime did the strange apathy that had stealthily crept over her senses relax." That was Selma Woiren, the pastor's wife: such were her feelings at the beginning of this story. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LITTLE WHITE NUN. By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A story of intrigue, of an heroic Englishman, and a convent. "Here she comes," said Lady Anson, with a faint tremor of excitement in her voice. "Now what do you think? Did I say a word too much about her beauty?" The beauty in question was Lady Mary Desmond, and the Honourable George Tristram immediately fell in love with her. But before the last chapter, some thrilling things happen, concluding with a rescue from the convent dungeon. (White. 6s.)

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

"The Man in the Street" is Robert Latreille's confidential secretary, and Latreille is well-born and by way of being a politician. The girl selected by his family as a suitable wife does not appeal to him; he finds his fate in a beautiful actress. But she is subject to hypnotic influence, hence tragedy and the awakening of "The Man in the Street" to action. A melancholy story. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS PAST.

By F. RICHARDSON.

Humourous, with pictures, and dedicated "to my Aunt Imogen Briggs of New York City." Here is a specimen of Mr. Richardson's humour: "There is an upholsterer in the Edgware Road, who has proposed marriage to all the murderesses who have been executed within the last seventeen years. He is quite a good upholsterer, and he never mentions his unsuccessful love affairs except to the objects of his affections." (Chatto and Windus.)

THE WILFUL WAY.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

By the author of "The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham." The sub-title reads: "Being the Reconstruction of Fallowfield, deceased." When the story opens Bourke Fallowfield is "stony-broke, excepting for fifty pounds in his pocket," and he is "going the way of many transgressors before him—vaguely, to Klondyke, or as near it as cash and circumstances would take him." The man in the lower berth of the liner dies in the night, and by a mistake is supposed to be Fallowfield. So Fallowfield accepts the situation and dies vicariously. An ingenious book of the impossible order. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)</i>	17/6
<i>" Quarterly</i>	5/0
<i>" Price for one issue</i>	5/5

The Grip of the Past.

No student of certain of our modern tendencies, and particularly no student of modern literature, can fail to take into account what is generally known as the Celtic Revival. The movement has been discussed in many quarters: here by people who took the term for an almost meaningless shibboleth, there by those who brought to the question only sentiment and vague enthusiasm. It may safely be asserted that the truth lies with neither of these classes. That the movement has current vitality there can be no doubt, but will it permanently effect any definite change, will it touch the life of a people or merely express itself in individual art? If only the latter, it is a movement interesting indeed, but not of wide moment to a nation, and we refer particularly to Ireland, which is essentially a non-reading nation.

The whole matter is raised by Mr. Stephen Gwynn's recently published "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland." Mr. Gwynn is an Irishman who has found his work in London. "Till I left college," he writes, "Ireland was my home; in the truest sense my home has always been there; and though I have earned my living for the most part in England, a year has never passed by me of which I did not spend a month at least in my own country." There we have two things characteristic of the active Irishman—absence from the land of his heart's desire and the constant backward longing for the places of his youth. And in this we touch the very heart of the matter; that backward longing makes Ireland very much what she is to-day; she dreams of a past charged with visions, colour, battles, and the shows of life; and like the dreamer who half awakes, she turns to her sleep again. This we believe to be true of the nation; individuals there are, of whom Mr. Gwynn is one, who strive in the intervals of more strenuous occupation to revive activities in letters and in material affairs. Of the difficulty in arousing interest in material affairs the history of the last five-and-twenty years speaks, and for those who really want to get near the bed-rock facts we commend Dr. O'Gara's remarkable "The Green Republic" rather than Mr. Gwynn's volume. Concerning the land question, we have seldom read anything so illuminating as Dr. O'Gara's pages; the author leads logically and with cumulative cogency to his honest and broad conclusions. But here we have not to deal with matters of politics or the land; our concern is with temperament and literature.

The Celtic influence in literature has, of course, been great, but, like all partisans, Mr. Gwynn is inclined to overrate it. Indeed, until quite recent years, it has been a small influence. Here is a statement the second sentence of which gives us pause: "Mr. Meredith, by common consent head of those who write in English to-day, is Celt and Welshman, but he is the Celt become cosmopolitan. A Celt may recognise the Celt in him; the Englishman may feel, and probably does feel, in his work an element that is bewildering and alien." But surely all great writers have been cosmopolitan in their appeal. And

observe Mr. Gwynn's remarkable assumption that only the Celt can appreciate the Celt; it indicates a narrowness of view, and, we may add, of knowledge, which is astonishing. It may, indeed, safely be asserted that Mr. Meredith's public is essentially an English public; the Celtic imagination in general does not lend itself to such conciseness, such preponderating thought, such heat of actual passion, as make Mr. Meredith's work supreme. The sensitiveness to the "beauty of vagueness, of large, dim, and waving shapes" may be his, but all his philosophy and art tend to concreteness and the facing of facts. From these things may be drawn a loveliness and music of far greater actual value than from "dim and waving shapes." For the Gaelic Revival in Literature we have nothing but goodwill; it seems necessary, however, now and then to remind the enthusiast that exaggeration does not help a cause. We can hardly believe that the effective influence of the Gaelic League and the Irish Theatre is so great as might appear. Certain people are interested, certain intelligences find occupation, but how far does the influence spread? We fancy that interest is stronger in England than in Ireland, at any rate, and that the lovers of Mr. Yeats's verse, for instance, are largely English. As for the revival of the Gaelic tongue in Ireland, we can only say that we watch the experiment with interest. And if it is revived, we very much doubt whether it will greatly help literature. For that literature must largely be created, and the Celts are not a reading people.

Anyone who knows anything about Ireland knows that the Irish Celts are not a reading people. Traditional songs and stories they have, which make the glamour of their twilights articulate and stir those half-conscious memories which are implicit in generation after generation. But the story which circles about the fire, the song that plucks at the heart, does not necessarily imply love for or even a rudimentary appreciation of literature; it signifies the continuity of tradition, the reaching after the unknown, the love of a past which seems to shed light upon a perhaps inglorious present. The love of song and story is common to all races, and the more primitive they are the stronger is that love. It is one of the wonders of our time that a people so near to the greatest activities of the world should have remained so primitive; it is a wonder and at the same time a joy. For behind all the economic failure of Ireland, behind all the sadness of a race backward in physical prosperity, we feel in some sense that that race is a nurse of the things of the spirit, a home for almost forgotten waifs of music, a keeper of the mysteries which can never wholly die and never wholly be understood. No nation, of course, can be made literary, and least of all, we think, could Ireland; for literature must of necessity be self-conscious. Even now we know of places where the "good people" have somewhat fallen from their high estate; the breath of a utilitarian world has reached valleys where not long ago the fairies were accepted as part of the scheme of things. Whether this be well or ill is a matter which we cannot discuss; but it is certain that progress and the printed word are not good for fairies and intuitive symbols. Mr. Gwynn believes in material progress, and he believes in the value of a "background of dim half-comprehended shapes." How shall these two be reconciled? Progress, certainly, we must work for; we cannot nowadays afford to cultivate a preserve of dreams, unless they be such dreams as become revitalized in action.

We wrote recently in these columns of the tragedy of the Celt, and true tragedy there is; but it is a tragedy with divine mitigations. Love of the past is not wholly a Celtic virtue, as some writers would have us suppose; it is as strong in the Anglo-Saxon blood as in the Celtic. But the Anglo-Saxon builds upon the past, and in his activity can project his mind into a future which shall respect his building and assimilate the best of his little labours. The Celt finds his home in the past; it is his

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sanctuary from the sordidness of the present, a place of secure and serene retreat. And in that lies the mitigation of the personal tragedy, though regarded in terms of nationality it perhaps hardly counts. To be the champion of lost causes is to the individual as fine an impracticable ideal as may be, and in a sense the past is the very battle-ground and symbol of lost causes. Therefore to live in the past is to confess oneself weak for the present. The present must always have some battle-cry, even though it sound but faintly through formless tumult and ignoble dust; there must always be the forward view, even though the men whose vision can search it out are but a poor twelve in an upper room.

That forward view is foreign to the average Celtic temperament. If it sees the future at all it sees it as a re-created past; it is a temperament which declines upon the old order, feeding upon time vanished as upon living pastures. It is the way of dreams, of delight, of sadness, of unavailing unrest. It is one way of literature as well, but hardly a way to rouse the spirit, to give the call to action, to wrest from circumstance the reluctant jewel of crowned endeavour. Says Mr. Yeats in his "Cloths of Dreams":—

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light—
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light—
I would spread the cloths under your feet.
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

It is good to have dreams to offer, but what of the future? No literary revival will awaken a race. Only from the inside, from the impulse of the people, can that be accomplished. The grip of the past may be as sinister as the grip of a dead hand; to brood upon glory departed may be to forfeit the possible glory of time to come. Yet out of this brooding there has sprung, and may spring, real literature, for literature is as wide as all human experience.

Books Too Little Known.

Mr. C. M. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta."

It would seem to be a point of honour with certain literary masterpieces to hide themselves soon after birth from the eyes of the unconscious world. Standing in silent eloquence out of the garish light of day, like butts of some great vintage, these masterpieces seem too rich in their own self-communings to need any ephemeral patronage. The world shouts its own daily doings down the jarring streets, the while the masterpiece securely lies in the dim vaults of its disciplined publisher, waiting the day of Judgment, that great Remainder day when the indifferent public shall rise up and buy the volumes at a fourth of their published price, and carrying home the purchase, sit down before it in bewilderment. Then, as the years roll on, the public, growing less obtuse, learns at last to drink and like the splendid wine.

This train of thought is suggested by a volume (Vol. II.) of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" (Camb. University Press 1888). The book is a masterpiece, but whether more than three hundred copies have been put in circulation in fifteen years the publisher's ledger,—it knows, it knows. No doubt a dozen or two of Eastern travellers, and a score or so of Arabic scholars, have Doughty on their shelves, and for aught I know it may be a classic in Germany, that Germany which sends us its learned men to help us to the meaning of an early Irish literature; but of the

public that cares for a book primarily as a piece of fascinating literature, what of that public? If such a public exists (and wise men are known to deny its existence) has it ever heard of the book at all, and will it ever hear of it, while the bulk of the edition (at three guineas) lies on the shelves of the Cambridge Press? We know indeed that Mr. Wilfred Blunt has dedicated his translation of "The Stealing of the Mare" to "Charles Doughty, Esq., in recognition of his knowledge, the most complete among Englishmen, of Arabian things," and we are told by a friend of William Morris that Morris used to keep "Arabia Deserta" by his bedside to refresh himself with it, nightly, after the dusty travail of the day; also that it was Burne-Jones's boast that he was one of the first who discovered Doughty; but of the various good men and true, librarians and literate I have questioned, only one had read the book.

I plunged straight into the middle of it (a capital plan when you wish to taste an author's quality, and catch him off his defences), and chancing on the pages that describe the author's departure from Kheybar I could not lay the volume down till the last page was turned. How Doughty got into Arabia, how he sojourned for months in the tents of friendly Beduins, his minute description of their manner of life, his journey with the great Caravan, his adventurous coming to Hayil and many things besides the reader will find in Vol. I.; but we specially invite the reader to take up Vol. II. first and begin it at about page 212. By following this plan he will find an extraordinarily fine narrative unwinding itself before him. For three hundred pages Doughty's adventures will hold him spellbound, and I affirm that if the good Cambridge Press Syndics would reprint these three hundred pages simply as a story of romantic adventure, they would bring to the knowledge of thousands of Englishmen a masterpiece of English literature, a masterpiece which, for the great vigour, and for the cunning fascination of its style, is among the classics of our language.

Here is an Englishman of that old-fashioned, stubborn, yeoman stamp which reappears through all the changing generations, a national type strong in evidence in our literature from the days of Chaucer to the days of Ben Jonson, from Ben Jonson to Defoe, from Defoe to Cobbett, from Cobbett to William Morris. Superficially the type changes; but of all professions—scholars, poets, merchants or seamen, dons, clerics, or men of business—the men of this old-fashioned sturdy stamp are unalterable in character; they may disguise themselves to-day as modern bankers or wall-paper manufacturers, but, thank God, they are of a type that for real humanity of spirit, for sturdy honesty of purpose, for an old-fashioned independence of all men's opinion, have raised the name of Englishmen in whatever land they have trod. Knotty in grain, but sweet in the fibre, obstinate and prejudiced, often ungracious in manner, but of kindly and gentle heart, these men standing among their countrymen resemble English oak amid the many growths of inferior wood.

And so with Doughty, this Englishman of the old stamp, stubborn as an old country miller, learned with the learning of a ripe scholar, who has sucked in from the breast of his mother University something of that affectation of speech which borders on preciousness, alone he journeys for many long months in the deserts of Arabia, going each day not very sure of his life, yet obstinately proclaiming to all men, to sheikhs and shepherds, to fanatical tribesmen in every encampment, that he is a Nasrany, a Christian. With a pistol hidden in his bosom, and a few gold pieces in his purse, with a sack of clothes and books and drugs thrown on the hired camel of his rafiks, or wandering guides, he goes onward, a quiet man of peace, a scholar of scholars, applying all his stores of learning to interpret all the signs and tokens of the Beduins' life, gaining thereby now a draught of camel's milk in the sickness of

exhaustion, and now drawing on himself an Emir's irony by his rough bluntness of speech. He goes, this good man, this Norseman, alone into the heart of hostile Arabia, insularly self-conscious yet lost in the sensation of his adventurings, keenly alive to every sight and sound, very shrewd in his calculations, often outwitted and sometimes despitefully treated, a great reader of men's characters, always trusting in God, yet keeping a keen watch on the Arabians' moods; and as he journeys on, this scholar, geologist, botanist, archaeologist, philologist, and anti-Mohammedan, we see Arabia as only a genius can reveal it to us; we see, hear, and touch its people as our own most intimate friends. And all these Arabs' characters, [daily cares, occupations, pleasures, worries, their inner and outer selves, are closer to us than are the English villagers living at our own doors. It is a great human picture Doughty has drawn for us in "Arabia Deserta," and not the least testimony to the great art of the writer is that we see him in the Arabians' minds. But wherever the wandering Englishman goes (Vol. II.) he cannot stay long. He must move on. From town to village, from village out into the wilderness, from nomad's tent to nomad's tent he is carried, fetched, dropped, left by the wayside by his uneasy rāfiks. The fingers of the most fanatical itch to cut the Nasrany's throat, but with the chief sheikhs and the rich elders of the towns it is an instinct of living graciousness and humanity to shelter him, show him true hospitality, and drive away the mob of base-born fellows clamouring at the stranger's heels. So Doughty makes strong friends wherever he journeys, finds kindly shelter with liberal-hearted hosts who love to sit and question him about the wonders of the Western world, and hear him speak his learned mind on Eastern ways; until at last, a little tired of the Nasrany's power of sitting still, tired of the constant clamour in the town, and of their own growing unpopularity because they shelter him, they open suddenly some postern gate, pack the Nasrany and his saddlebags upon some worthless beast, and send him forth into the desert with some brutish serving-man to act as faithless guide. So Doughty goes, protected by the stars, by his own shrewd weakness, by chance and by his sturdy obstinacy; he goes quite safe, yet ever in jeopardy, trusting in Arab human nature, and in his own command of Arab lore, yet humanly alarmed and ready to cry out when his fanatical companions eye his bulging saddlebags, and feel the edges of their knives.

The style in which Doughty brings before us a mirage of the strange wildness of the upland stony deserts of Arabia, a land of rocky lava drifts girt in by savage crater peaks, and interspersed here and there with green valley oases, where villages and walled towns have been built because there only is there water—the style by which Doughty communicates to us the strange feeling of his traveller's days and nights, his hourly speculations and agitations, his inner strength, his muttered doubts, his own craft and purpose, is the style of a consummate master of English. There is affectation and preciousness in the language, as I have already said. Many, however, are the travellers and few are the styles. Palgrave's style is flat and colourless and tame beside Doughty's: Burton's style is ordinary, more overloaded, vigorous, commonplace. True, there is Mogreb-el-Aksa, of which the style is both brilliant and tender; but Doughty has succeeded better than any English traveller I know in fashioning a style and forging and tempering it so as to bring the reader into intimate contact with the character of the land he describes, while contrasting with it artistically the traveller's racial spirit. Doughty forges and smelts words as only a learned man can; he goes back to the Old Testament for a plain, smiting simplicity of speech; he lifts straight from the Arabic the names of the creatures, the plants that Arabia has fashioned in her womb, the names for the weapons, the daily objects, the slang and

the oaths that are in the mouth of the Arab. And into this rich medley of idioms he mixes the old English words, the Norse words he loves as only a cunning craftsman in language can. He is an artist therein, for, as I have said, the main vision his book leaves on the mind is a vision of a stubborn latter-day Norseman (mixed with the blood of an Old English cleric) adventuring forth amid the quick-witted, fierce, fanatical, kindly and fickle Arabians. Doughty's style is that of a man with a great instinct for the shades of language, his vocabulary is very rich and racy. If there is a spice or more of affectation in his speech we welcome it as a characteristic ingredient in the idiomatic character of the whole.

Here I must stop, and bid the reader rise up and investigate the book for himself. The last three hundred pages of "Arabia Deserta" I repeat is the finest narrative of travel, and one of the most racy pieces of English prose, that our century can show. Just as Defoe and Cobbett, those men of the old-fashioned English breed, are living in English literature, so also will Doughty live. How long, I wonder, will his masterpiece lie, practically unknown, on the shelves of the Cambridge University Press?

EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

XVI.—The Unemployed.

We stood, the overworked man and I, watching the procession of the unemployed crawling towards Hyde Park. Thin, pinched, undersized, with the furtive look which hunger brings, they marched four abreast, and the traffic stopped to let the failures pass. Their meagre figures looked pitifully small beside the robust policemen who escorted them; over their heads floated dingy red banners with "Unemployed" scrawled upon them; along the footpath ran the collectors, rattling the money boxes, and thrusting them into the faces of the lookers-on. With many stoppages the procession passed along the frozen street, bringing with it another banner on which was inscribed the words, "Work for All, Overwork for None." My companion smiled bitterly. "There's work for them all in the country," he said, "if they would only be content to go back to the land. Curse these cities! Well!" he looked at his watch, "I must go back to my fifteen hours working day." The sad procession passed on slowly, and when it stopped the men stamped on the ground, blew on their fingers, and huddled their thin garments closer about them. "Still freezin'," remarked one; "I must keep my 'ounds in the kennel for another day. The Duchess 'ill be disappointed." The policeman to whom he addressed the remark said nothing.

Suddenly the sun shone out. It flashed on the telegraph wires, transformed the windows of a house into a dazzle of light, and I saw, in quick vision, another regiment of the unemployed, but these were neither hungry, nor cold, nor unhappy. The frost had brought them joy. They were skating on a lake, tall fir trees bending beneath their white burden on the margin of the lake, and on them, on the tops of the mountain, on all that wide land, the winter sun glowed. There was no wind. "Still freezing," cried one, laughed joyously, and glided away with his companions across the ringing ice, the flush of health on their faces, the joy of living in their eyes.

Then the sun disappeared, and I was back in London streets face to face with the other unemployed. Mournfully I watched them pass, and later in the day met them again. It was twilight, but the fog had made an end of daylight early in the afternoon. Over everything hung

that murky gloom, over the procession of the unemployed, over the faces of the employed who left their work to watch. The day's tramp was ending; they were going eastwards—home—but the fog was so dense that I could only see those who slouched close by. Somewhere far in front the head of the procession felt its way through the dim streets, somewhere far behind the tail followed obediently, and out of the thick night came the rattle of the coins in the collecting boxes. A woman near me pushed the box contemptuously away. "Want work, do they?" she cried; "I've been a week trying to get a man to mend a window-sash."

Then, as I walked with them, a naphtha lamp flamed out from a costermonger's barrow, and again I saw in quick vision that other regiment of the unemployed. With them, too, it was freezing, but there was no fog in that clear air, and the moon rode high in the night-blue sky. A rocket shot upwards, and at that signal their procession started. Japanese lanterns, green boughs of trees, flags and streamers waved above them, bonfires blazed beside their path as down the mountain side they raced on the crisp snow laughing, shouting. Lighted torches were in their hands, the flush of health was on their faces, the joy of living in their eyes.

The barrow with the naphtha lamp passed on. I watched the last straggler of the London unemployed disappear into the fog.

Drama.

The Taste of Queen Bess.

A LEGEND, which cannot be traced before the early years of the eighteenth century, has it that Shakespeare wrote "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" at the express bidding of Queen Elizabeth, who was determined to behold Falstaff in love. "She was so eager to see it acted," writes John Dennis, who in 1702 "improved" the play into "*The Comical Gallant; or The Amours of Sir John Falstaff*," that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased with the representation. In spite of its late date, there is no reason to doubt the substantial truth of the story. Disappointed with the failure of "*Henry V.*," probably presented before her at Shrovetide, 1599, to redeem the promise of the epilogue to the Second Part of "*Henry IV.*" and "continue the story, with Sir John in it," Elizabeth may well have imposed on the peccant author the task of repairing his omission in time for the Garter feast on the following St. George's Day, April 23. That it was intended for production at a Garter feast, I am pretty sure, although the literary historians, so far as I know, have failed to seize upon the point. Obviously it was played at Windsor, and the singing-children of St. George's Chapel, who are said more than once to have rivalled their better known fellows of the Chapel Royal in the acting of plays, supplied the ouphes and meadow-fairies of the last scene. The feast of St. George was invariably kept at Windsor, while at Christmas and Shrovetide, the more usual seasons for plays, the court was generally at Greenwich, or some other palace in the neighbourhood of London. There is an elaborate compliment in the same fairy scene to the Garter itself, and its motto; and in an earlier passage an allusion to that "Cousin Garmomble," the Duke of Wurtemburg and Count of Mompelgard, whose persistent endeavours during 1598 and 1599 to obtain the knighthood which had been promised him, must have formed a standing joke amongst the members of the Order.

Elizabeth's whimsy has exposed her to the ridicule of the critics. "That Queen Bess should have desired to see

Falstaff making love," writes Hartley Coleridge, "proves her to have been, as she was, a gross-minded old baggage." And they go on, with a remarkable unanimity, to demonstrate that Shakespeare only made a show of yielding to the royal demand, and that Falstaff, the misused gull of "*The Merry Wives*," is in reality quite another personality from the Falstaff of infinite jest and triumphant mendacity, who "coruscates the facts of life away" in "*Henry IV.*" Hear Prof. Dowden, the best, to my mind, of all the "aesthetic" critics of Shakespeare:—

Shakespeare yielded to the necessity. His "*Merchant of Venice*" might pass well enough with the miscellaneous gathering of upper, middle, and lower classes which crowded to a public theatre. Now he had to cater specially for gentlefolk and a queen. And knowing how to please every class of spectators, he knew how to hit off the taste of the "barbarian." "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" is a play written expressly for the barbarian aristocracy with their hatred of ideas, their insensibility to beauty, their hard efficient manners, and their demand for impropriety. . . . But Falstaff he was not prepared to recall from heaven or from hell. He dressed up a fat rogue, brought forward for the occasion from the back premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes; he allowed persons and places and times to jumble themselves up as he pleased; he made it impossible for the most laborious nineteenth century critic to patch on "*The Merry Wives*" to "*Henry IV.*" But the Queen and her Court laughed as the buck-basket was emptied into the ditch, no more suspecting that its gross lading was not the incomparable jester of Eastcheap than Ford suspected the woman with a great beard to be other than the veritable Dame Pratt.

I can imagine no more delightful employment for an "aesthetic" critic than this, of discussing the psychological identity of two of the figments of Shakespeare's brain. I am myself of opinion that such speculations presuppose a much nicer literary conscience in Shakespeare than he would have laid claim to; and I can imagine the gust of laughter, "broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture," with which he would have greeted the suggestion of another talented Irishman, Prof. Boas of Belfast, that the Falstaff of "*The Merry Wives*" is his "literary crime." To me, after making allowance for the fact that the humour of any comic character is likely to wear a little thin, especially at a fortnight's notice, by the third time of asking, the two creations seem sufficiently similar. I make no doubt that they did, not only to Queen Bess and her ladies, but also to the groundlings of the pit. It is true that, in the wit-encounters of Eastcheap, Falstaff always came out on top, with the laugh on his side; and that at Windsor the laugh goes woefully against him. But the difference in the circumstances must be taken into account. We have seen Falstaff triumph over a careless prince, who, after all, only bided his time, and the riff-raff of the Boar's Head tavern; never before have we seen him at odds with the impenetrable chastity and practical wit of the English middle classes. What avails a power to "coruscate away the facts of life" as a weapon against Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford and their buck-basket?

Any stick is, of course, good enough, in these days of the Catholic revival, to beat Queen Elizabeth with. But one can hardly be surprised that she thought "*The Merry Wives*" a good play. It is a good play; much better for the purposes of the stage than either part of "*Henry IV.*," wherein, indeed, as a dramatic artist, Shakespeare probably touches his low-water mark. Even the Falstaff scenes, leading as they do to nothing in particular, can hardly galvanise the tedious chronicle into life. "*The Merry Wives*," on the other hand, has tremendous go in it, especially when Mrs. Page is Miss Ellen Terry, with her infectious high spirits and her delightful scorn for the text. It is a little over-weighted by the elaborate modern staging, which delays the rapid action suitable to a farce. But this Shakespeare could hardly have foretold; and the two central scenes fully retain that vivacity which so much of Elizabethan comedy, depending as it does upon fashions of verbal

fence, has unfortunately lost. The piece is a farce, not, of course, in the modern sense, but in the sense of fifteenth century France, according to which the farce is an acted *fabliau*. And of an acted *fabliau* it is the best English specimen, just as Chaucer's "Miller's Tale" and "Reeve's Tale" are the best English specimens of the narrative *fabliau*. It has all the well-known characteristics of the *genre*: the realistic portraiture of contemporary types; the frankness, not to say coarseness, of manners; the slight esteem for the marriage-tie; the love of "scoring-off" someone, and by preference in a matter of venery. The fact that the someone is the man of rather better birth could only give an added spice to so eminently *bourgeois* a literary form as the *fabliau* has always been. Nor was the victory of the "wives" over the gentleman a subject in any way adapted to offend the susceptibilities of Elizabeth and the company at the Garter feast. The great nobles who filled the stalls of St. George's Chapel were not likely to trouble themselves about the dignity of a Sir John Falstaff or a Justice Shallow. They could look on with complacency while a mere "knight" or an "armigero," from whose social aspirations they had not improbably suffered, was made ridiculous by persons only a degree further removed from themselves in rank. And for Shakespeare himself, the irrepressible poet, there was that wonderful forest scene at the end, of which the full beauty is brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, and which makes such a delightful contrast to the bustling realism of the rest of the play.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Ruskin Intervenes.

BEFORE me lie five volumes. The covers are faded, the end papers have changed colour, faint are the pencil notes on the ample margins, but the well-spaced type is as clear as when, forty-three years ago, the volumes were printed. The day for reading these volumes carefully through has gone by: they have passed into that place where abide those books that having been once absorbed are now dipped into, never without illumination, often with astonishment. I know no other writer who gives so vivid an impression of a still active personality as does Ruskin in these volumes of "Modern Painters." He is more alive than many of the living. Perhaps it is because, with all his gifts, he is so human. Other writers hide their weaknesses, and blur their inconsistencies: he wears no armour. "I have arrived" is not his motto: he is always the student, no more ashamed of his slips than he is proud of his triumphs, and (in these days this is almost a distinction) he has a Faith on which he leans, in which he glories, and which, through all vicissitudes, remains.

To the writer with whom time is precious and parcelled out, these volumes of "Modern Painters" have their disadvantages. They delay the work in hand if you use them for reference: you desire to know what Ruskin says about Cuyp, but Corregio catches the eye first, and Cuyp and your duty wait.

At the Old Masters exhibition at Burlington House there is a room full of pictures by Albert Cuyp, described as the "distinctive feature" of the exhibition. I spent an hour among them to discover that my feeling for Cuyp was neither like nor dislike. An able and conscientious maker of landscapes was the verdict. Then I bought some newspapers and read the columns of comments that have been written on Cuyp during the past week. Enthusiasm was not their note. "Among the more tedious of the lesser Dutchmen," said one; "an unloving nature and

unlovely manner," said another; "he bears repetition ill indeed, and the sense of manufacture becomes distressing," said a third. Poor Cuyp! Stay. What is this? "Never has winter sunlight been represented as it is in Cuyp's 'Scene on the Ice,'" said a fourth; and a fifth eulogised "a truly marvellous 'Castle of Nemwygen.'" The desire to know what bookmen thought of Cuyp had, by this time, seized me, so I walked down to the British Museum and turned up Cuyp in the nearest encyclopedia. The criticism was as succinct as a market report. "Born 1605. He excelled in the painting of cattle grazing or reposing, moonlights, wintry landscapes, still waters with ships, horse-markets, hunts, camps, and cavalry fights."

From a business point of view the dusty encyclopedia's criticism was admirable, but, surely, there was something more to be said for Cuyp, and that something, if anywhere, should be somewhere in the five volumes of "Modern Painters." I consulted the index. Good! There was an inch and a half of references to Cuyp. I selected one at random, this: "no sense of beauty i.75," then proceeded to search for the passage, but it was long before I found it. This amazing book makes for delay on every page. Pursuing Cuyp, I found myself reading about Angelico, Salvator, Durer and Giorgione. Two passages I could not forbear transcribing. These:—

"In Durer, you have a far purer conscience and higher spiritual power [than in Salvator], yet, with some defect still in intellect, contending with evil, and nobly prevailing over it; yet retaining the marks of the contest, and never so entirely victorious as to conquer sadness."

"In Giorgione, you have the same high spiritual power and practical sense; but now, with entirely perfect intellect, contending with evil; conquering it utterly, carting it away for ever, and rising beyond it into magnificence of rest."

The man who wrote these passages could not be expected to admire Cuyp unreservedly. Ruskin acknowledged that Cuyp "painted the sunshine," but no more. Turner painted the sun colour. But Ruskin's quarrel with Cuyp was of a piece with his quarrel with all the Dutchmen. They were just painters; their pictures had no other significance. This attitude is the essence of Ruskinism, for this the world has either loved or derided him. Nothing happens in Cuyp's pictures, says Ruskin, except some indifferent person's asking the way of somebody else. "For further entertainment perhaps a red cow and a white one; or puppies at play, not playfully; the man's heart not going even with the puppies."

There you have the essence of Ruskinism again. The Dutch painters do not care about the people, he complains, but about the lustres on them. Cuyp cares nothing about the puppies as puppies; he sees only the shine on the flaps of their ears. The fault, he adds finely, does not lie in the thing's being little, or the incident being slight. Then follows this: "Titian could have put issues of life and death into the face of a man asking the way; nay, into the back of him, if he had so chosen. He has put a whole scheme of dogmatic theology into a row of bishop's backs at the Louvre. And for dogs, Velasquez has made some of them nearly as grand as his surly kings."

Ruskin has delayed me so long, that there is small opportunity, even if one were willing, to say much about the Cuyps at Burlington House. It is difficult to be enthusiastic about any of them, even the "Scene on the Ice," or "The Castle of Nemwygen," but Cuyp has a name, and there are those who will go to Burlington House because of the room hung with his pictures. "There are some beautiful Cuyps here," I heard an old gentleman say to an acquaintance, as he gave up his umbrella in the vestibule. His face wore a look of happy expectation.

Among the other pictures in this heterogeneous collection is one that might well form the subject of a separate article—Tintoretto's "The Nine Muses in Olympus." It asks and receives unbounded admiration, but I cannot say that it gives me any personal pleasure. The work of a Titan often fails in this respect, and this picture is Titan's work. These buxom muses sprawl their athletic limbs across the clouds, almost blotting out the sun shining through the clouds in the background. Magic it has not, nor charm, nor suggestion of that gracious welding of spirit and substance that we might expect from the muses in Olympus; but the boldness of the design, the modelling of the limbs, and the consummate ease with which they roll from shade to shine, and shine to shade assures the modest speculator that, although he is quite willing that the King and not himself should be the owner of this picture, he is in the presence of a masterpiece. Cast your eye on Bonifazio Veneziano's "Emblematical Subject" that hangs close by, and you will see at once the difference between great and medium painting. After the Tintoretto it was a drop into dulness to stand before Calcott's studio-stormy-sky, lit by a studio-sun; Linnell's worried "Storm in Harvest" brought no refreshment, but beyond in the corner I found David Cox's small "Thames at Purfleet." Here was the little thing done beautifully for its own sake—the poet's vision, not the crash of the Titan's thunderbolts, in a word—peace.

When I reached home that night it was not to read Ruskin on Tintoretto, but that last chapter of "Modern Painters" called "Peace," with his promise of the Morning Star, and his confession of faith: "Blind from the prison-house, maimed from the battle, or mad from the tombs, their souls shall surely yet sit, astonished, at His feet who giveth peace." That "astonished" starts from its setting.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Beginnings of Language.

DR. ARTHUR EVANS, in the first of what promises to be a very interesting series of lectures on the Pre-Phenician Alphabet, asserted last week that primitive man drew before he talked. At first sight, the statement sounds like a product of the scientific imagination merely, because it has generally been supposed that one must think before one draws, and thought has been always looked upon as the child rather than the mother of speech. Thus the well-known lines of Shelley:—

He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.

But the services which the learned keeper of the Ashmolean has rendered to anthropology by his discovery in Crete of the relics of a hitherto unsuspected civilization have given him the right to have his words examined carefully, and it is quite possible that here he and not the poet is right. We are in such matters so much under the influence of tradition, that even Haeckel, who can hardly be accused of superfluous respect for it, talks about "the articulate language of words" as being "the real and chief characteristic of man." Yet it is plain to all of us that articulate language is by no means confined to man alone. The parrot, for instance, can articulate as clearly and distinctly, when carefully taught, as any human being; he can also, unlike man, pronounce all languages with equal facility, and he can even, as Darwin thought, use his words with appropriate reference to the matter in hand, or, in other words, to express his thoughts. That a trained parrot, when angry, will scold in English or in any other language with which he is acquainted, is,

indeed, common knowledge, and he can even be taught to say "good morning" and "good night" at the appropriate time of day. So, too, it cannot be doubted that dogs understand a great part of the words of their masters, and form, as has been said, "actual general concepts" on hearing them, as when a terrier displays excitement at the whisper of "Rats." But dogs, although in domestication their barks acquire a great capacity for modulation, and thereby become the medium of expression of various emotions, do not possess an articulate language, and it is evident that in this case thought precedes instead of following the gift of speech.

We see, therefore, that the very fount and origin of language is thought, or the power of forming general concepts, and that this is shared by man with the more intelligent of what he calls the "lower" animals. But at what time in the evolution of man did language become articulate? We may or may not believe with Haeckel that there existed before the appearance of man as we know him upon the earth, an ape-like and speechless being whom he calls *Pithecanthropus alalus*. But that man like his predecessor up to a comparatively recent period of his development was without articulate speech seems deducible from the fact that even now it remains one of the accomplishments which have to be taught to him. The baby when first born is as incapable of articulate speech as any ape, and although quite capable of expressing his emotions by howls, only acquires language by a long and presumably painful course of training. Yet his glottis and other bodily apparatus for the production of speech are as fully formed at his birth as afterwards, and are never, perhaps, better adapted to their purpose than the corresponding organs in the parrot. We may, therefore, conclude that articulate speech was the result not of any natural gift, but of some change in man's environment, and we must associate this with some particular epoch before we can give even an approximate date for its origin. Such a change must have occurred at the termination of the Glacial Period, when the advance of the glaciers drove quaternary man to huddle in caverns, and thus to associate with his fellows under circumstances which made speech much more a necessity for him than it had ever been before. As to the way in which it came to be introduced, we can only again refer to the parrot and to the baby. In both these cases the talker learns to articulate by imitating the sounds made by his teacher, and it was Darwin's opinion that imitation was in like manner the first factor in the evolution of speech. Baboons have been observed, when feeding together, to set sentries who, on the approach of danger, warn the rest of the herd by peculiar cries, and Darwin conjectured that the first step in the formation of language was taken when some unusually intelligent ape-sentry first differentiated his warnings by imitating in his cry of alarm the noise made by the approaching lion or other cause of terror. But this step has never been shown to have been taken by baboons or other existing variety of monkey, and, if it has been, was never followed up, else would they now possess a language. On the other hand, it may very well have occurred to our ancestors who dwelt in caves, where they would be peculiarly exposed to the attacks of wild beasts. We are, therefore, thrown back for the beginnings of language to the middle of the Quaternary Age.

How does this agree with Dr. Arthur Evans' statement that man drew before he talked? Art, as was said in the ACADEMY of 30 August 1902, also had its origin among the cave-dwellers whom we have noticed as the most probable inventors of speech. Yet some of the means of art were certainly in existence earlier. The first thing that was necessary to man before he could draw was a pointed tool with which he could do it, and chipped flints have been found which go back beyond the Quaternary Age and which seem to belong to the Tertiary. It is quite true that M. de Mortillet and others are of opinion that

these flints were worked, not by man as we now know him, but by the being—*Pithecanthropus* or other—whom they call the “Precursor” as being man’s immediate predecessor in time. But this need hardly detain us. If the Precursor were capable of chipping flints to a point, there is no reason why he should not draw with them, and if he did, Dr. Arthur Evans’ point would be established. For the Precursor, whatever he was, almost certainly did not talk. Although he may have known the use of fire, he seems to have been a solitary being, living almost entirely in trees, and subsisting—perhaps entirely—on a vegetarian diet. He must have ranged freely over a large stretch of country, and as most of the existing seas—the Channel for instance—were then non-existent, he probably saved himself from the fiercer animals by flight rather than by combined resistance. Hence he had never the necessity for speech which pressed upon his successor of the cavern.

On the other hand, it must be said that no drawings or other attempts at art going back to the Tertiary Age have yet been found, although, as all our collections of Tertiary tools, weapons, and other relics, are as yet very limited in extent, there is yet plenty of time for them to be discovered. But drawings, some of them executed with rare skill, of the early Quaternary Age are common enough, and on the whole, it seems most probable that the origin of drawing is coeval, and not prior to the origin of speech. This corresponds with the few inquiries that have been made into the condition of deaf-mutes, who can seldom be taught even the rudiments of drawing until they have learned to express their thoughts in words. We shall do well, therefore, until some remains of Tertiary art are discovered, to believe that drawing, instead of preceding talking, came to man at about the same time. But we must not forget that one grain of actual proof in such a case will upset a ton of theory.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

A Poet of a Hundred Lines.

SIR.—The reviewer of Prof. Murray’s “Euripides” expressed a doubt and a hope that some original poetry by him had appeared. Two months ago Prof. Murray contributed some hundred lines of great beauty to the “Glasgow University Magazine.” They were entitled “An Introduction to a Narrative Poem.” The following is an extract :—

And certes some have won their hope, and caught
The flash and held it; but most fail, and seem
As one that starts to tell his last night’s dream
Of marvel and strange joy; and as he tries,
Finds he has half forgotten, and his eyes
Cloud, and he tells perforce, as best he dare,
Something a little like it, here and there
Amid false places and invented things,
Holding some ravelled shreds, some echoings,
Of the lost wonder of his dream of dreams.

In the preface the poet remarked that the work itself would probably never see the light of day.—Yours, &c.,

NIGEL CARLYLE GRAHAM.

12, Windsor Quadrant, Glasgow.

Scenic Realism.

SIR.—If such considerations as whether we watch a play through a fourth wall of a room or whether we should regard ourselves as within the room, if these nursery considerations interfere with your correspondent’s enjoyment

of the drama, then have I a suggestion. Let the managers provide small pieces of board with a hole in the middle labelled “keyhole.” These implements might be given out to such of the assembling spectators as wished for them, and who would then no doubt experience complete illusion and might become even more enthusiastic over “The Christian King.”—Yours, &c.,

M. B. A.

“Or, by a Potion, end them.”

SIR.—The line in “Hamlet”: “and, by opposing, end them” cannot by any stretch of interpretation be made to harmonise with the words which follow: “To die, to sleep.” A man who should kill himself to escape the troubles of the world could not be said to take arms against and oppose them.

On the other hand, if it be taken in conjunction with the preceding line: “Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,” it expresses what Shakespeare knew to be an impossibility. The sea of troubles is composed of the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor’s wrong, the pangs of despised love, and other things, against which no arms avail.

Moreover, if by taking arms and opposing them, it were possible to end these troubles, no question could arise as to whether this was nobler than suffering them.

Again, the alternatives of endurance and opposition do not exhaust the modes in which we may meet troubles. There is the third cause—suicide. Hamlet asks himself which of the first two is the nobler. According to the usual rendering he makes no inquiry relative to the third. Yet it is on the third his mind dwells longest.

Is it not possible, then, that instead of “and, by opposing, end them,” Shakespeare meant to say:—

—Or, by a potion, end them?

He could not have stated confidently that by opposing them they would be ended. Yet the line expresses confidence that the effect would follow the cause. But, while there is no room for confidence, that opposition would end the troubles, it is absolutely certain that a potion would do it.

Another argument for the “potion” reading is that it leads naturally to the thought of death which follows.—Yours, &c.,

T. F. MANNING.

10, Coptic Street, London, W.C.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 174 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses, not to exceed sixteen lines, on an old School Book. Thirty replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Violet M. Wainwright, 6, Granit Avenue, Hove, Sussex, for the following:—

TODHUNTER’S ALGEBRA.

When on thy shabby back the name I see,
“Todhunter’s Algebra” in letters gold,
My thoughts fly back to b-gone hours with thee,
To far-off days ere thou and I grew old.
Thou, little book, alone didst point the way
To calculate results when C, self-willed,
Would water casks of wine he sold to A,
Or empty out B’s cistern newly filled.
But when from Euler’s proof I fain would flee,
Equations shun, where $x + y$ are n
Though $y^2 = 40 m + 3$,
Another service thou didst render then.
Cover for notes in school, from hand to hand
From friend to friend didst pass. Now on the she/
I lay thee, thy work done. There shalt thou stand,
Whither I soon shall follow thee myself.

24 January, 1903.

Other replies follow:—

CURTIUS' GREEK GRAMMAR.

O woeful book of which I speak
That every scholar once was put in!
Whereof each singe word was Greek
That was not Latin.

My master was a blue-eyed man,
And I a fine-haired Celtic dreamer:
Quoth he: "Now, do the best you can,
And mount the 'Bema.'"

The Bema was his desk sublime
From which I had to say my grammar—
To-day—O strange revenge of Time—
I am a crammer.

And once—I was but nine)—he said,
"Come, Alpha Beta, no more crying!"
To-day, the kind old man is dead,
And Greek is dying.

[G. M., S. Norwood.]

OLLENDORFF'S FRENCH TEACHER.

Dear Ollendorff—when I was young
How bitter were the taunts I flung
At your benign and reverend head:
How loth was I to leave my bed
To struggle with the Gallic tongue;
But vainly to my quilt I clung,
And vainly hid the sheets among;
No rest for me till I had read
My Ollendorff!

What splendid moral teaching hung
Upon your phrases aptly-strung;
How each man grabb'd his neighbour's bread,
And how that evil fashion spread;
No longer shall you live unsung,
My Ollendorff!

[J. E. B., Ipswich.]

CLARENDON PRESS "TEMPEST."

Her-in I found what glorious pastime
When wakening to the poet's spell
And scorning precepts given in class-time
I followed after Ariel.

On note and gloss I looked askne,
A truant waiving commendation,
Lured on through thickets of romance
To fail in my examination.

And have I in due time repented?
Nay, as I read once more the story
I smile and own me well contented,
The pedant failed to dim its glory.

For was it really worth the while
Youth's dawning fancies thus to encumber.
And in the ruck of Prospero's isle +
Shoot all this pedagogic lumber.

[F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells.]

Competition No. 175 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best account of "My Day's Work," not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.", must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 28 January, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Inquisitor, Flat Lux.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Pagan (L. M.), adapted by, Mr. Boffin's Secretary—from "Our Mutual Friend" by Charles Dickens.....(Dent) net 1/6
Mitchell (A. Gordon), translated by, Jephtha: A Drama.....(Gardner) net 3/6
Leland (Charles Godfrey), and Prince (John Dynley), translated by, Kuno-Schap the Master, and other Algonkin Poems.....(Funk & Wagnalls) 8/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Guest (Montague) and Boulton (William B.), Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadrille.....(Murray) net 31/6
Hellprin (Angelo), Mont Pele and the Tragedy of Martinique (Lippincott) net 15/0
The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. III.....(Funk & Wagnalls) 10/6
Whiting (Lillian), Boston Days.....(Low) net 10/6
Dighton (Conway), The Dightons of Clifford Chambers(Stock) 6/0
Thornton (Percy M.), Continental Rulers in the Century.....(Chambers) net 5/0
Gibbins (Henry de Beltzgen), Economic and Industrial Progress of the Century (Chambers) net 5/0
Helmolt (Dr. H. F.), edited by, The World's History, Vol. VII. (Heinemann) net 15/0
Smithsonian Institution, Annual Report of the Board of Regents (Government Printing Office, Washington)
Strachey (Lionel), translated by, Memoirs of a Contemporary.....(Richards) 12/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anderson (Tempest), Volcanic Studies.....(Murray) net 21/0
Sandlands (J. P.), Sanitation, Personal and Public(Stock) net 2/6
Flint (Robert), Agnosticism(Blackwood) net 18/0
Sumner (Charles), Addresses on War.....(Ginn) cents 50

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Le Blonde (Mrs. Aubrey), True Tales of Mountain Adventure.....(Unwin) net 10/6
Mar (Walter Del), Around the World through Japan.....(Black) 18/0

ART.

Gulland (W. G.), Chinese Porcelain, Vol. II.....(Chapman & Hall) 10/6
Glasier (Louise), A Book of Thirty Woodcuts(Unicorn Press) net 2/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Satvrae, A Persi Flacci et D. Ioni Ivennalis.....(Clarendon Press) 2/6
Hart (Albert Bushnell), Source-Readers in American History, No. 3. (Macmillan) 3/6
Baker (Charles E.), Local Education.....(Black) net 5/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Malmesbury (Susan, Countess of), and Brooke-Hunt (Violet), Golden String (Murray) net 5/0
Wilkie (J.), The Vision of Nehemiah Sintram(Stock) 2/6
Barlow (Montague) and Macan (H.), The Education Act, 1902 (Butterworth) net 3/6
A Lawyer, How to enforce Payment of Debt.....(Richards) 2/0

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

An interesting volume will be published early in the New Year by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons. It will bear the title of "The Jesuits in Great Britain: a Historical Inquiry into their Political Influence." The author is Mr. Walter Walsh, author of the "Secret History of the Oxford Movement." For this book Mr. Walsh has been collecting material for the past fifteen years. It will contain, we are informed, the secret history of several well-known personages in British History, who, while outwardly professing Protestantism, were at the same time members of the Church of Rome, such as Esme Stuart, Duke of Lennox; Anne of Denmark, wife of James I. and Charles II., whom Mr. Walsh claims to have been a Roman Catholic all through his reign.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has nearly ready "Shakespeare's Church, otherwise the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity of Stratford-on-Avon." The book is an architectural and ecclesiastical history of the Fabric and its Ornaments, and its author, the Rev. J. Harvey Bloom, is the editor of the "Victoria History of the County of Warwick." He has devoted many years to the work, and has had special facilities for obtaining original information.

Mr. Brimley Johnson will publish immediately in his "Carpet Plays" the little twenty-minutes comedy, entitled "Amelia," which has just been put on at the Garrick Theatre in front of the popular "Water-Babies." The author of "Amelia" is Mr. Nigel Playfair, the Dr. Caius of Mr. Tree's present revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

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